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Vol. II No. 2

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1921

20 Cents



Goblin



Holly's

CANDY SHOPS.

443 Yonge Street---At College.

81½ Yonge Street---At King.

1530 Queen St. W.---Parkdale.

We have something new in candies to offer you: the original Mexican Pecan Roll, High Class Chocolates, Fudges and Caramels.

**INEXPENSIVE, GOOD, AND
GUARANTEED TO BE FRESH.**

Postman—"Mail's very crowded to-day. I'm overloaded so I can hardly walk."

Stude—"What's the excitement?"

Postman—"The correspondence School is having a rally and they're mailing a bonfire to each student!"

—Pelican

G-G-G

Jew (arriving upon the scene of an automobile accident, to only conscious victim): "Oye, a accident? Efybody laid oud, eh?"

O. C. V.: "Yes, all but one, and I just came to."

Jew: "Has de insurance achent come by yet?"

O. C. V.: "Not yet, but he'll probably be here very soon. Why?"

Jew: "Vell, if he ain't come yet and you ixpect him soon, I vonder if you'd mind ef I lie down vit de bunch?"

—Lord Jeff

G-G-G

Wig—Wasn't that a fine lecture by Professor Dingle-snick on "The Culture of Prunes?"

Wag—Splendid! He was so full of his subject.

—Octopus

G-G-G

Warm Baby

Mother—"Helen, you know you don't really love Jim; it is only puppy love!"

Helen—"Hot dog!"

—Lord Jeff

Day's
LIMITED

QUALITY CLOTHES FOR
YOUNG MEN AT MOST
REASONABLE PRICES

Ask Our Customers About Us

ON THE CORNER
ADELAIDE AND VICTORIA



**Make this an
IDEAL Christmas**

"Back in September, I made up my mind that Waterman's IDEAL Fountain Pen would be my principal gift this year.

First of all, take the men—women never know what to give men—but I do—men want practical, useful things; and look at a Waterman's, useful every minute of the business day.

Then, there's the Business Girl—she knows the efficiency of Waterman's IDEAL Fountain Pen. Because she likes dainty things—her gift shall have bands or art designs in gold or silver.

There is Mother and Grandmother, who would write more if writing were made easier—their gifts shall be Waterman's Ideal.

And the Boy and Girl at school—they shall have the pen to write smoothly, easily, *cleanly*.

So you see, what a sensible, practical Christmas this is going to be—and how many men and women, boys and girls, are going to have the right to write right."

\$2.50 to \$250

Selection and service at best stores everywhere

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited
179 St. James Street, Montreal

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO LONDON PARIS

"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home."

"Shs' no ushe!—My wife wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in the houshe.

—Banter

G-G-G

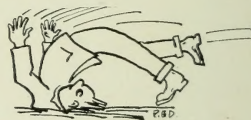
A Case of Limits

Simp: "I can't live within my allowance."

Blimp: "Well, I can't live without mine."

—Octopus

LEARN HOW BIG BOY! DON'T LET BUT IT THROW YOU



All we want to prove in this league is that we are all 'adin' at something you will find K. O.

Of course, some people like to do some things and other people like to do other things, but what we want you to do most is hop aboard some good news. If you do this we shall be both surprised and pleased, but more pleased than surprised.

REMEMBER---

that Goblin sells at **5,000,000** marks in Germany and you can have it for a dollar and a quarter.

But---**DON'T LET IT THROW YOU.** Merely fill in the attached blank.

For the enclosed \$1.25 please send 7 issues of

GOBLIN, commencing

To

Goblin, 8 University Ave., Toronto

COLUMBIA RECORDS



Music that makes the minutes fly

Just a few Columbia Records to play on your Columbia Grafonola make long evenings short, make home life gay. They will give more genuine pleasure to your friends and yourself than anything else the same money could buy. Call today at any Columbia dealer's and learn what life is like with popular music to make it merry, dances to make it a delight.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.,

-

TORONTO

Diffident '21: "When you have another's arms about you, do you ever think of me?"

She of '23: "Sometimes, if I happen to be riding by a brewery."—*Pelican*

He—"My brother is just the opposite to me. I don't think you ever met him, have you?"

She—"No, but I'd like to!"—*Record*



**Blue Jay's
Hair
Salvation
Tonic**

It soothes the nerves of the scalp, stops falling hair, frees the scalp from dandruff and feeds the follicles; invigorates the hair roots and therefore quickly establishes the necessary conditions required to promote a healthy growth of natural hair.

Wellson Specialty Co.

Hill. 3499

Toronto,

When you see a chap
Walking around dreamily
And looking at
Something
In his breast pocket
Now and Then
And grinning happily
Every time
He looks
And laughing heartily at the
Punkiest jokes you tell him and
Going into peals of
Laughter when you
Make a remark you never even
Intended
To be funny
Just remember
Old-timer
He just got a
LETTER
from his
GIRL.

—*Froth*

INCOMES AND BUYING POWER

The income from the most unquestionable securities, Government and Municipal Bonds, is now about 40 per cent. higher than in 1914. Moreover, each dollar of income is showing gradually increasing buying powers. The weekly cost of the family budget has decreased 53 per cent. since the middle of 1920.

Make sure of the extraordinarily high fixed incomes now available for ten, fifteen or twenty years by buying long term Government and Municipal Bonds. You will receive, in addition, the enhanced purchasing power which these ensure.

A selected list of investments on request. Your enquiries invited.

A. E. AMES & CO.

UNION BANK BLDG. TORONTO
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A WORD ON THE SIDE

If you're looking for something extremely fine in the clothing line from neck-ties to winter overcoats--Oak Hall has it.

SUITS---That combine style and individuality.

Shirts, ties, socks, silk scarves, etc., of the traditional Oak Hall quality.

FOR DRESS DISTINCTION

OAK HALL

Clothiers and Furnishers

YONGE AND ADELAIDE STS. 337 DANFORTH AVE.

The Evening's Refreshment

MacLaren's Peanut Butter Sandwiches

Now, when you are settling down to evenings of hard study and your brain is working overtime, you will need more nourishment. MacLaren's peanut butter will give you the necessary energy because it is made from high quality peanuts--nature's most concentrated food.

Many have already realized the unexcelled value of MacLaren's peanut butter. You will too.

TRY A FEW PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK.

MacLaren's, At The Grocer



MacLaren-Wright Limited

TORONTO.

Brunswick RECORDS

8 New Fox Trots

Irresistible dance music, wonderfully played by noted Dance Orchestras--all the latest hits and orchestration arranged exclusively for Brunswick Records.

Yoo Hoo! No. 2137---Introducing "Will You Share Your Heart with Me?"

Second-Hand Rose From the "Follies." Both selections by the famous Carl Fenton's Orchestra.

Ho (No. 2132)---Played by the Windsor Orchestra.

Sweet Man o' Mine Played by Bennie Krueger's Orch.
Say It With Music (No. 2139)---From the "Music Box Revue." Orchestral arrangement by Walter Haenschen.

South Sea Isles Introducing "She's Just a Baby," from "George White's Scandals." Both these selection played by Ruby Wiedoeft's Californians.

Sweet Lady (No. 2142) from "Tangerine."

Bimini Bay Both played by Carl Fenton's Orchestra.

Be sure to hear these numbers on "BRUNSWICK RECORDS"--the records which are made for those who do not want the CHEAPEST, but the BEST.

Hear them at your nearest Brunswick Dealer

The Musical Merchandise Sales Co.

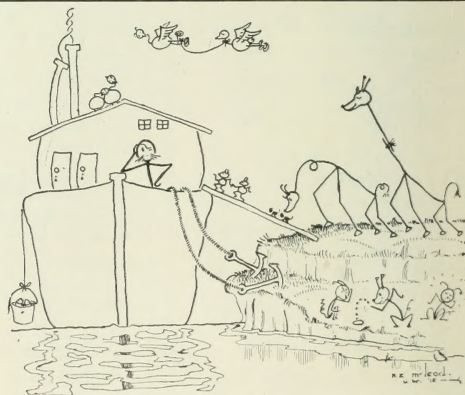
79 Wellington St. W. - Toronto

PLAYED ON ANY PHONOGRAPH

"Does your fiancee know much about automobiles?"

"Heavens, no, she asked me if I cooled my car by stripping the gears."

—Lampoon



Noah: Now if I can get a dame for myself, I'll be sittin' pretty.

—Sun Dodger



WHIP *The New Fall*
ARROW FORM-FIT COLLAR

CLUETT, PEABODY & Co. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

D

Mountain
Tapestries
by
Phyllis Coate

I've passed these hills in summer, when I've seen
The verdure of the trees sunlighted—keen
Dark shadows fallen in the cracks between,
Distinct, yet soft in undulating green.

They brought to me
The thought of heavy, lustrous tapestry.

The hills look strange as I pass through to-day.
The trees are stripped and winter's holding sway.
The tall slim trunks stand firm in clear-marked grey,
On earth brown patched, since summer sped away.

And now I see
The glory of old, threadbare tapestry.



Private Stock

No, Demosthenes, a blood vessel is not a pirate ship.

G-G-G

Motto for the Snappy Stories Authors' Association—
"We write the wrong."

G-G-G

We want to know who the negro postmaster is who is
making a lot of graft out of black mail.

G-G-G

Montreal—The land of the spree, and the home of the
rave.

G-G-G

It is estimated that if the noise produced by all the motor-
cars of a certain make could be controlled, it would be com-
paratively easy to communicate with the other planets.

G-G-G

What people will say, and what people will think,
Has driven a legion of strong men to drink.

G-G-G

"Millions Now Living Will Never Die" and vice-versa.

G-G-G

WHOLE PROOF IS DECLARED SOUND

—Headline

Not an advertisement.

G-G-G

Between disarmament and prohibition it will soon be
impossible for a man to get shot.

Punctuality is the art of guessing how late the other
fellow is going to be.

G-G-G

The higher the skirts, the higher the percentage of deaths
due to skulls fractured on telephone poles.

G-G-G

You're a better drink than Bevo, Gordon Gin.

G-G-G

Owing to the fact that the salmon run on the Fraser river
was a partial failure, we suggest that Alf. Shrubb put a few
fish in training.

G-G-G

Perhaps there is something to be said for the old-fashion-
ed punishment after all. Consider the poetic justice of
putting a crooked oil operator in the stocks.

G-G-G

Greenwich Village is very down at the heels. Apparently
like the German mark and the Russian kopek the 'Bohemian
quarter' has deteriorated in value of late.

G-G-G

In a recent advertisement of a movie theatre the heroine
is described as "caught in a whirlpool of desperate circum-
stances, she is finally swamped by the cross currents of love
and swept to the crest of happiness." We wonder if she
was equipped with water wings or a good sea-sick remedy.



The Profiteer

Mr. Von Boozer has bought a new car,
He's a flower in his coat and a two-plunk cigar;
His stick-pin is diamond; he's pretty well set,
Whilst the best I can boast is a cheap cigarette.

I haven't a flivver; I haven't a pin,
And yet I look up at Von Boozer and grin,
For Mrs. Von Boozer, I'm willing to bet—
Can't hold up a candle to my Juliet.

G-G-G

Famous First Lines

Drawing apart, he whispered fiercely to himself, "Pull yourself together, man."

Epitaphs

Here lie the bones of Mike Cohoe
Who weighed three hundred pounds or so.
He's missed on earth by all his mates
'Open wide, ye pearly gates.'

* * *

Here lie the bones of Julia Drummer,
Who died of a cold, in the heat of summer,
Instead of a doctor, they called in a plumber.

* * *

Trumpets shall sound
And archangels cry,
'Come forth, Isabel K. Mitchell
And meet Wm. J. Matheson in the sky.'

* * *

Thorpe's Corpse.

* * *

Ci-git Bill Grimes.
He drank home-brew.
Saw four street-cars,
And just dodged two.

* * *

They've raised a pillar o'er Algy's bones.
He bought some olives, and ate the stones.

G-G-G



The Origin of Profanity

"Couldn't you love me, Eve?"
"No, I'm afraid I don't care, Adam."



Kiss---And Make-Up

G—G—G

Dancin' Roun.

- - Lo Sam.
- - Lo Art.
- - Meet Miz Jones.
- - Pleasetermeecha Miz Jones.
- - Howjado.
- - M'ava dance?
- - Certain'y.
- - How 'bout next?
- - Sher 'nuff.
- - There's orchester, lez go.
- - Awright. 'by Sam.

G—G—G

The Whirling Dervishes

They knelt on the hard, bare floor, a circle of young figures. Their bodies were bent as with fatigue, their eyes downcast and gleaming with a religious fervour. On their faces beamed an exulted light. From time to time one would sway with a rhythmic movement, hands performing wierd evolutions. The air was rent at intervals with piercing shrieks, moaning, broken murmurs.

One leaned forward, eyes afire, and amidst a breathless hush, waved her hand over the floor.

"Take all!" she screamed, and gathered in eleven cents.

Zoological Notes

- (1) An elephant's ear is capable of parking three thousand caterpillars with their knees crossed.
- (2) The buffalo ranks as one of the ten strongest things on earth. The skunk is superhuman and therefore cannot be ranked.
- (3) Snakes cannot swim backwards, but once asleep inside of a stick of macaroni will preserve its shape during wet weather.
- (4) The Alsatian boar feeds its young on four-leaf clover and believes poison-ivy conducive to race suicide.
- (5) Pumas are found only in Mexico and Norway. They are very absent-minded and are continually wandering around Africa. Several have been unearthed near Mt. Vesuvius which shows their inclination to play in the mud.
- (6) The oyster has a natural aversion toward display of any kind and generally conceals its pearls behind the right ear.
- (7) Seals are very cold-blooded; those which are not afraid of lightning are called electric seals.

G—G—G



Pasha Knutt—"I hear Bob was arrested for driving his car while drunk."

M. Brace—"Case of auto-intoxication, eh?"

G—G—G

Hot Stuff

"Why do they call a fast motorcyclist a scorcher?"

"Because he goes at a hot pace, makes pedestrians boiling mad, warms up the police, gets roasted in court, and thinks it's a burning shame."



Just to fool you we've run the joke for this on page 33



Motorist—"Why don't you get out of the road."
Victim—"Moses! You're not coming back are you?"

Hoe ! Hoe ! See What We Raked Up !

Is there a man who's really y y y
Enough to take his e e e
And study nature with his i i i
And think of what he c c c ?
A yoke of oxen he will u u u
With many haws and g g g
And see that when a tree D k k k
It makes a home for b b b.

G-G-G



Prof. (quoting)—"The modern industrial day may be said to begin with Watt."

Sleepy Stude.—"The seven o'clock whistle."

Far-Famed Fibs

"I can take it or leave it alone."
"I always said they would win."
"We are proud to have with us this evening—"
"I don't give a hang for any woman."
"Totally unprepared as I am—"
"So pleased to have met you."
"These were the best seats I could get."
"No thanks, I never touch it."
"Only run three thousand miles."
"That was my cousin."
"I was delayed at the office."

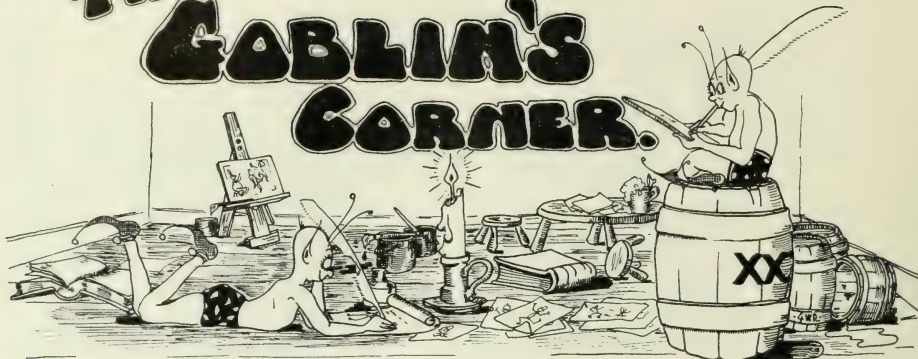
G-G-G

In the morning when they found her
Where she lay, so stark and cold,
With the dew-drops clustered 'round her
In every silken fold. . . .

* * *

In the morning when they found her
She lay floating on the bay,
And they hoisted sail at sunrise
And they sailed that ship away.

THE GOBLIN'S CORNER.



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Bell Hop! Page the Drama.

Has anybody seen the drama, the real Canadian drama? Many of our loyal countrymen have for some years been diligently searching with spy-glasses, eye-glasses, and opera-glasses (sic) for this elusive leprachaun who, if he were to be found, would soon reveal the pot of gold. By a national drama, let it be understood that GOBLIN does not mean the usual London or New York conglomeration of icy slopes, forest fires, half-breed villains and stern retributions of the wilderness. The action of the average production of this type seems to revolve about a mounted policeman, and the plot commonly consists of "My Gawd, there are only three strips of venison between us and starvation."

Canada has protection for her manufacturers. Why not for her dramatists? At the present time, if a man wishes to start a factory for the manufacture of sardine-cans, he probably receives federal, provincial, municipal and ladies' aid. If, however, he wishes to produce a play, the best thing he can do is buy a one-way ticket to New York. Of course, it's a case of first things first; no one would dispute the efficacy of the sardine-can. There would doubtless be a revolution if Mrs. Jack Canuck's sardines should arrive tied in neat bundles of twelve, but do not forget—as economists would say—the ultimate utility of the drama.

Perhaps there is reason for hope. The country now has a few real Canadian theatres, its 'little theatres'. Here encouragement is given to native plays, and incipient histrionic ability fostered. It is reasonable to suppose that such initial endeavour should lay the foundation for a real national dramatic tradition.



TOBACCO IS SATAN'S CONSUMING FIRE!

IT IS DESTROYING THOUSANDS OF MEN,
YOUTHS AND SMALL BOYS.

IT IS A LOW, MEAN, DIRTY AND
DISGUSTING HABIT !

IT ALSO CONTAINS

→DEADLY POISON.←

Never use Tobacco, boys,
Throw away the horrid stuff;
Don't you know that it destroys
All your nerves and makes
you rough? —S. B.

Strictly Between Ourselves

For the first time in many moons, GOBLIN is going to be serious and businesslike. His paid circulation is now more than eight thousand. If it continues to grow at the present rate, the magazine should be able to more than make ends meet. Therefore, commencing next issue, the little fellow will pay for all contributions according to the funds on hand.

This issue finds the MERRY IMP in a philanthropic mood. No doubt the presence of Santa Claus in town has not been without its subtle influence; the little fellow has caught the Christmas spirit and has stretched his prize list somewhat.

He slyly awards the ten dollars cover design prize to Miss M. Christie, the first girl to receive it.

The prize for the best literary effort goes to Mr. E. H. Reeve, better known as "The Hermit," for 'In Roma Ruggeraverunt.'

Scattered throughout the magazine, the observing reader will find several jokes bearing the imprint of Dave

GOBLIN reproduces herewith one of the most startlingly true denunciations of degeneration ever written. Statistics from the W.C.T.U. show that thousands of cases of pocket-picking, arson, kidnapping, phrenology and witch-craft are directly due to tobacco in one of its nerve-destroying forms. It is always fatal. A man may live to be a hundred, but it will get him in the end. The demon tobacco never fails.

One drop of nicotine on a dog's tongue is sufficient to kill eight brick-layers. The office cat smoked one cigarette and has never spoken to any of the staff since. The energy used up in chewing one quid of Honest Shag would swing a left-handed Indian club for five minutes, or open and close an umbrella any given number of times.

So forcefully has the truth of the accompanying warning been brought home to GOBLIN, that the original has been placed where everyone may see it. It is inside the cover of the office humidor, and every time one of the staff replenishes his pipe, he can feel the little flames tickling his ankles.

Any degraded smoker who wishes to see the light, should communicate with the Grace and Truth Office, 8324—9th Ave. N. W. Seattle, Washington, and he will receive eight bushels of "Hot Stuff" by return mail.

G—G—G

Findlay's originality. For these, he receives the five dollar joke prize.

The art prize goes to G. H. Barlow for his deep insight into the psychology of patent medicine ads.

The five other prizes go to Miss Helen Cross, Miss Phyllis Coate, A. T. VanEvery, Charles Goldhamer and Messrs. Logan and Coons.

G—G—G

List of Contributors in This Issue

Misses:

M. Christie
Phyllis Coate
Helen Cross
Janet McCullough
Dorothy Forrester

Messrs:

E. H. Reeves
Charles Goldhamer
Hume

Messrs:

A. D. McLean
D. K. Findlay
W. H. Logan
D. S. Coon
Walter Howard
R. B. Y. Scott
A. T. VanEvery
G. H. Barlow
J. S. Phillips



Oh! How I wish I hadn't killed that cat!

G—G—G

The Power of the Press

Did you ever consider
The power of the press?
In a crowded street-car,
A gentleman may hold his seat
Behind an open newspaper
Despite the scornful glances of feminine strap-holders.
His spirit of chivalry is not disturbed
For who can see through paper?
Truly the press is an instrument of protection.

* * * * *

At the breakfast table
The "daily" is an organ of defence.
A man becomes absorbed in it
When his wife asks him
Annoying questions.
He murmurs "stocks" and "rates of exchange,"
Looks worried and frowns;
His wife sighs but is silenced
And he peruses the sporting page
In peace.
What mere man can doubt
The power of the press?

Famous Passes

..... of Thermopylae.
They shall not
Tres.....
..... out.
..... the buck.
I
..... well up the centre of the car.

G—G—G

Sayem Asi Seeyem, the Oriental futurist contributes the following:—

Come and spend the sunny days,
Lolling on the wooden quays,
And be no longer blue
Fly with me,
Down to the sea,
Where 'tis picturesque.

G—G—G



Hardus Snales—"Say, bo, keep your eyes off the ground round here, get me?

Meekus Moses—"Why so? Why so?

Hardus Snales—"Well, if you don't someone will step on them."



In Roma Ruggeraverunt Incidents that led up to the Ides of March outrages

Translated with the aid of a slide rule by E. H. Reeve

Scene—Circus Maximus.

Time—Saturday, December 7th, 45 B. C., years of Rome 709.

The Football Team of the First Roman Legion "Caesar's Own" is about to clash with that of the Northern A. C., Interprovincial Champions, for the Championship of the World.

Among those present:—Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Marullus, Senators, some hundred thousand Romans (all for "Caesar's Own") and twenty thousand Provincials, (likewise for the Northern A. C.).

Caesar:—"The sundial has registered thrice, and the match will soon be on. Boy, a programme and some raisins."

Antony—"All Italy is wagering on 'Caesar's Own' to-day; should these Northerners roll over us, this will be a flat country."

Caesar:—"This Northern A. C., because they are situated on the frontier think they have an outside chance. True they went through the Provincial League like Bacchus through a cellar, but they will not beat my hardboiled boys. These fair Northerners will prove but a light feast for my men.

Stranger:—"Crow not so loud down there, Old Eagle Beak, these Northerners will make your team look as useless as a public bath in the foreign quarter."

Antony:—"Truly a voice from the dead; have an epitaph carved on thy head Stranger, and thou wilt be complete."

Brutus:—"That task would indeed demand a 'skull'ptor.

Caesar:—"I will lay thee ten thousand sesterces that my team will be victorious, and I will allow thee the exchange rate."

First Senator:—"They can't bluff Caesar; he has lots of 'Gaul'."

Marullus:—"Jupiter! 'Tis a sage crack for a Senator."

Second Senator:—"A Senator, my son, thou speakest slightlying; we cannot all be such sage Flamingoes like thyself."

Stranger, to Caesar:—"Thy wager is taken, any others?"

Antony, Casca, Senators:—"I will repeat the bet."

Stranger:—"Tis done, shouldst I lose all this, the rent goeth up in my apartments. Still I believe these are larger

carp than ever swam in the lakes at home."

Trebonius:—"Say not so my friend, these Romans will put and take so fast that they will make your top spin. They will go through thy team like so many ghosts."

Stranger:—"Ghosts. Tut, tut, up in our country they have a way of making spirits disappear. The last ghost that came our way was knocked for a "ghoul".

Marullus:—"Oof, and they didst kill such men as Pompey."

"Caesar's Own" appear on the field.

Caesar:—"By Apollo's temple and points north! My men are in fine form to-day, watch us shape a victory.

Note their salt and pepper uniforms, denoting how well seasoned my veterans are."

Roman Crowd:—"Veni, Vidi, Vici,

Rome will win this easy."

Boy:—"Score Card! Names and numerals of all the players!"

First Senator:—"The scene recalleth my youth, when I played halfback for Tiber University, and received my "T" for so doing."

Marullus:—"Was it then customary father, to receive your letter, your "T", at the initial practice?"

Senator:—"Initial practice? Letter "T"? Truly my son thy talk goeth over my head like a helmet."

* * * *

The Northern A. C. appear upon the field.

Cicero:—"Gaze upon those giants. Yet, the weightier the objects, the heavier the crash when they alight."

Caesar:—"Fear not, our line will be impregnable."

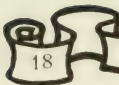
Cassius:—"Mark thee, Brutus, Caesar boasteth of his line, yet watch him pale each time they buck it."

Marullus:—"Gaze but at their uniforms, they remind one of so many pomegranates."

Brutus:—"And in what manner?"

Marullus:—"By their seedy appearance."

Continued on Page 18



Pity poor Percival. He has such an open countenance that he's always getting a cold in the head.

G-G-G



Dorothy—"Do you like Swedish art?"

Blossom—"Naw, I wouldn't be seen on the street with him."

Continued From Page 17.

Provincial Crowd:—"We're from the land of the free and bold; we're from the North and we knock them cold."

Roman Crowd:—"Small town stuff, back to the farm!"

Antony:—"Here cometh Lucillus, by Venus! Look at the dame upon his arm, 'tis Mura, she leadeth the dancers at the theatre in the Follies of 709. Like Romulus he is growing up wild."

Stranger:—"Torrid canine! To-morrow I move to Rome."

Marullus:—"Hast heard the latest from the theatre?"

Chorus:—"Nay, what are they?"

Marullus:—"Firstly the Hebrew comedian asked "because an officer of the law had a peevish wife, should he have 'lictor'?" And then he told us that "in the days of the Ten Tribes and the Laws of Moses, the Benjaminites had no rights to speak of—they were all left handed."

Cassius:—"I would fain see Caesar humbled this day, Brutus. Thou knowest the slogan he hath set for himself? He sayeth that into the Hall of Fame he will get his statue, or bust."

The game is started. The Northern A. C. kick off, and "Caesar's Own" on the first down gain fifty yards on a trick play.

Caesar:—"Jove! Jove! Science will always win! I would that I were out upon the field this day leading my men to victory."

Trebonius:—"That is right, Hannibal was ever in the van of his army, and he was the first Cart(h)age agent to do much in these parts."

AUNTY TOXIN'S CORNER

Dear Aunty—What is a bum?—Distracted Mother.

Ans.—A bum is a male, who does not wear a blue suit on Sundays.

Oh Aunty Darling—I simply adore skating. But, tell me how can a girls' club get cheap ice?—Llwlwyn.

Ans.—There seems to be a decided shortage of the commodity you mention. However, you will find plenty of cheap skates in——.

(Note.—Toronto readers will insert Hamilton in the blank, Hamilton and Montreal readers, Toronto, and others use their own judgement.)

Dear Madam—What is an optimist?—Itchy Ike.

Ans.—An optimist is a man who still carries a cork-screw on his key-ring.

Stranger:—"! ! ! ! But wait! Our men hold! The Romans are thrown back! We kick it, ye Gods! See it sail! Our kicker shakes a wicked sandal. The Romans are thrown back again, if they are plungers I am a high diver, we have the ball! Our men tear them up like the roads at home. Wow! ! ! A touchdown!"

* * * * *

One hour later—Northern A.C. 50; "Caesar's Own" 5.

Caesar:—"Alas, alas, a terrible defeat, even when the Gauls swept over Rome, they left the Capitol untouched, but now even our capital is gone."

Cassius:—"Mark thee, Brutus, this will injure Caesar's popularity."

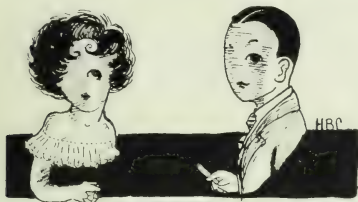
Provincial Crowd:—"Poor old Caesar,
Got it on the beazer.
And the Seven Hills,
Have got the Northern chills.
We knock 'em cold."

Cicero:—"I would that Caesar had let me negotiate with these visitors. Five thousand under their quarterback's pillow would have done much to bolster our chances of victory."

Casca:—"Alas, I am like a flattened wheel, my roll is gone, Caesar should be crowned."

Antony:—"It will be a long hard winter. Chess is now my game and to-morrow I pawn my toga. Gaze on that Stranger, Caesar, for he is counting on us."

Stranger:—"One thousand, one thousand and fifty, eleven hundred, eleven hundred and fifty....."



HIM:—"You got some lipsol on my cigarette."
 HER:—"I hope you don't mind?"
 HIM:—"No—In fact, I rather like the taste."
 HER:—"Then why take it second-hand?"

A CAPITAL Advertisement

or

Why the Copy-Writer was Fired

DON'T you want to
 * * *
BUY what the Gov't considers
 * * *
THE best
 * * *
CIGARETTES made? Chesterfools were
 * * *
MENTIONED three times
 * * *
IN official despatches from France.
 * * *
THIS proves more than any
 * * *
ADVERTISEMENT can, that if
 * * *
THEY were best "over there", they
 * * *
ARE best back home. It costs
 * * *
MUCH less to buy
 * * *
POORER cigarettes
 * * *
THAN Chesterfools. But isn't
 * * *
ANY really good thing dearer than
 * * *
OTHERS of its kind?
 CHESTERFOOLS

R. I. P.

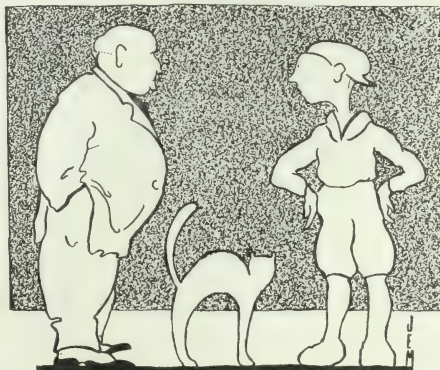
Edward, having delivered a high-school class valedictory which ended with a peoration in irreproachable Latin, came to the University with the firm and unfounded belief that there he would find only kindred spirits whose thoughts would be of the most elevated order, couched in the most classica! English. He met disappointment. Many of the youths seemed to prefer Al Jolson to Shakespeare, Ring Lardner to Rabelais and the sporting page to Homer. One evening when he had begun almost to feel himself a disillusioned man, certain circumstances led to his inclusion in a party. Then it was that he met her. She had large, intelligent eyes, and her beauty, Edward felt, must surpass even that of Trojan Helen. Together they sat for a long time in a secluded corner. As a conversational gymnast Edward was unsurpassed. He sprang from the scarabs of Egypt to Peruvian antiquities, turned lightly to Syrian folklore, vaulted to a discussion of Dr. Johnson's prose style and proceeded with a parallel between the moral philosophies of Plato and Aristotle. He was buoyant with renewed hope and faith in humanity. Here at last was a really intelligent girl interested in and appreciative of his every word. Suddenly she turned to him—

"I think," she said, "that Aristotle must be simply dilly."

x x x x x x x x

Edward's funeral was well attended.

G—G—G



Ronald: I saw an aeroplane flyin'.
 Father: "Don't forget your 'g's' my boy."
 Ronald: "Gee! I saw an aeroplane flyin'."



Shear Barberism

Clipped From Get. M. Cutt's Report

By

W. H. Logan and D. S. Coons

Following the modern educational methods of promoting courses to fit men for their duties in the various narrow shaves of life, some of the most prominent members of the local Barbers' Association met here to organize a study group and to lay the foundations for new Tonsorial College. They were assisted by some brethren from the B.B. of B. B.'s (Boys' Brotherhood of Bold Barbers).

The meeting was opened in a hair-raising manner with selections from "Chin-Chin", played by the comb-ined bands-Hears How Hummers and Applegath's (Jass Hats). This set the crowd, which included many little shavers, on a sharp edge for what was to follow. After this the mane speaker for the evening, Mr. Harry Trimm, B. A. (Barbershop Artist), gave his address "Combing out the Non-Essentials—Your Part and Mine." He emphasized the need for clean-cut citizenry. His talk bristled throughout and no one could doubt but that his massage was thoroughly rubbed in on his auditors.

A young Chinese brother, Sham Poo, followed these remarks with a song "Going, Going, Gone." He is a fine stropping young man, whose voice has secured for him a scissors-hold on the handsome shaving-cup presented for the best all-round singing artist. His encore was a selection

from "The Barber of Shaveville", which he sang in a smooth and styptic style. As he sat down the band struck up "Hone Sweet Hone."

The aspirants for manicuring honours then filed by and their trim appearance drew many hearty hands.

It was proposed to found a chapter of the national honorary fraternity of Phi Beta Kappa (Powerful Beard Klippers) for members who achieved the distinction of trimming their customers well by inducing them to take all the trimmings. As an additional incentive it was moved and adopted that the committee present all the runners-up with the complete works of Ralph Henry Barbour and Dan Beard bound in limp lather.

Funds were voted for the installation of a raiser in the "Walk-down-stairs-and-shave-one" shops for the elevation and uplift of those once stalwart Sampsons who leave their crowning glory below.

The crowd then united in the singing of their new college song "Sauve Qui Peut" (Shave Himself Who Can) Raw! Raw! Raw! written by Monsieur O. de Cologne. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the meeting was cut short and disbanded to the tune of "Hell, the Conquering Hair Comes."

When Madame Geek, spiritualist,
Was in a wreck at sea
And washed ashore on a cannibal isle

Much to the natives' glee,
The cannibal chief bawled down the shaft
To where his chief cook toiled,
"The order for to-day will be
Another medium boiled."

G—G—G

He gazed across the broad and level expanse of green and espied her. She was dressed in white, he in conventional blue. A force, which he did not understand nor stop to analyze, propelled him to her. She was motionless as he approached. Regardless of the crowd around, he kissed her. She recoiled, but he followed. They kissed again.

But billiard balls often do this.



Modern Greek Art



Drawn by Walter Howard

WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

His Coming Out Party

Photographs from Mrs. Caesar's Album

Illustrating Three Famous Words—



Hic!



Haec



Hoc!



"You surveyors are so clever!"

"Yes, we can get a line on nearly anything."

"Come Across", bellowed the big burly individual with the beetling brows to the small timid frightened-looking woman—But softly, gentle reader; she was on the opposite side of the street; she was his wife; and she was afraid to cross on account of the traffic.

G-G-G

Oh! tell me what the iron boys paid,
What was the winner's share,
How many bookies shot themselves,
And left this world of care,
The day that Tortoise came across
And beat the speedy Hare?

G-G-G

"Bill must have got quite a start when that dope he was making blew up."

"I should say he did. As far as I know he's still traveling.

Squooof Dorwaldsen---Genius

by A. Jenial Gooph

"There was a boy"—Wordsworth. "Haste the loom of Hell prepare"—Gray

Many of our readers of last month's issue were doubtless struck by the naive artistry of expression in the short poem by Squooof Dorwaldsen. The news of his recent death came as a shock. We believe that we are the first journal to print an appreciation of this late genius, thus undeniably putting one over on our worthless competitors.

It was not alone as a poet that he shone and perhaps more of his fame is due to his efforts in the dewy expanses of field of legitimate art. Here he excelled! Of artistic and prepossessing appearance himself, as may be judged from the accompanying sketch (especially drawn for this journal at the expense of nearly \$100.00 cash), he was in his natural element. He was the nearest approach to the all-round, all-fired genius the world has produced. He was a prolific composer for the piano, flute and jews-harp, and could with equal skill dance a horn-pipe, boil an egg or box the compass.

Squooof Dorwaldsen was born in Nebraska, the son of Hi. Rupp, then a rising balloonist. It is said that from him he inherited his climbing tendencies.

Early in life he showed distinctly artistic attributes, marked by a strong dislike for all work and a leaning toward nude statuary and long hair. He was put into an art school, but his magnificent brain revolted against the dogma and defunct poppycock of the day. He satirises his professors in the following burning quatrain:—

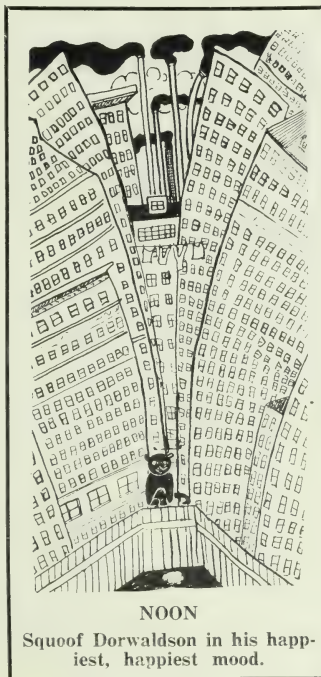
"Didatic tiremes, mauve enshrined,
Kratoi! Kratoi! In unison;

Dim unctuous porpoises behind,—
And after . . . Porphyry!"

The spirit of these lines was his guiding light in after years, and his last dying words were a quotation from his best known poem—

"Through perigordian persiflage—
(Waiter bring me claret)—
The radiance of the overplus."

With these inspired words he turned his face to the cerise-citron wall and breathed his last. The great brain



Squooof Dorwaldson in his happiest, happiest mood.



was stilled,—the brain about which the following anecdote is told:

It appears that while he was the guest of the King of Spain the famous pair were walking in the royal gardens.

"Do you know, Squooof," said the king, "I am passionately fond of bull-fighting, aren't you?"

"Not at all, not at all," snapped back the great artist without a moment's reflection.

* * * * *

There is a canal in Youngstown, P.A. Hither turn the thoughts of a grateful nation, for here lie the bones of the greatest poet, artist and counter-jumper of all time.

In the words of his Maori Spouse, Lala Huhu,—

"Il est alle'—Ubi?—Quien sabe?"

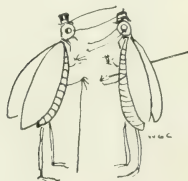


Forty per cent. off!

G—G—G

The waters lapped melodiously,
Against the high white cliffs,
Two ivory crafts dipped o'er the swells,
Two merry dancing skiffs.
Our hero's soul filled with the scene,
He raised his voice in song
And o'er the enamel mountain-tops
His chant rose clear and strong.
He sang of the woods, the dells, the fields,
Of each beautiful plant and shrub,
And as he sang, the neighbours knew
That Jones was in the tub.

G—G—G



Harold Fly—"So poor ole Bill kicked the bucket!
Fell off a girl at a dance and killed himself."

Benny Fly—"Um-hm-m. I always told him
that bare-back riding would be the end of him."

Inside Dope From the Outside

Having never been within hearing distance of either Russia or Ireland we consider ourselves in a position to speak freely and without restraint upon their problems.

Men who know and love Russia feel their hearts sink when they contemplate the number of freight trains wrecked during one of last week's revolutions. Yet, in comparison, our hearts are completely sunk when we think of the number of dud cheques passed in Tipperary last Thursday! Can these be the birth-place of snow-shoes on one hand, and vegetable marrow on the other? We ask you, can they? We think it possible; but, as we have said before, we have never been to either country and therefore speak with abandon.

Whatever may be said of the labour demands in Borneo, it is certain that those in Ireland are justified. Here we hear elemental cries for currant-bread, free trade, more beer and ukeleles. Yet, how similar are the continual yowls of Russia for chelsea-buns, more whiskey, mouth organs and protection.

The professional classes of Russia (army commanders, sword-swallowers, communist presidents,) are not so well off relatively as the mechanics (music teachers, fruit dealers, ballet dancers, etc.) due to the great inflation of Russian currency. Roubles have now reached such a state of inflation that the next issue will have to be vulcanized in order to avoid a complete blow-out of the exchequer. In Ireland we have a similar situation except that the people no longer use money; they find that dynamite works more effectively, although more conducive to depreciation in land and buildings.

The inherent antagonism between Russia and Ireland also merits our consideration. At present Ireland leads Russia by a small margin in the number of bombs dropped and the size of the holes made. These contests are held daily in Belfast and Moscow, amid scenes of frenzied enthusiasm. There is a hole in the main street of Belfast, we understand, varying in diameter from four to five miles; whereas, the hole in Moscow is only about three miles across. However, Belfast has now been dynamited down to sea-level and the Russians have run out of bombs.

Here we find Ireland's salvation, for she is now able to carry on foreign trade with Iceland by an underground submarine service from the heart of her industrial centre. Russia, on the other hand, is handicapped by the yellow question, for an intense growth of dandelions blocks her canal to the Dead Sea.

What will be the end?

SUNDAY MAD WITH TOOTHACHE	MONDAY RAVING WITH STOMACH TROUBLE	TUESDAY WILD WITH RHEUMATISM
TRY JONES' QUICK RELIEF WHY SUFFER? SATURDAY CURED! FEEL TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER		
WEDNESDAY TORTURED WITH CORNS	FRIDAY NEARLY LOST ALL HOPE UNTIL I TRIED YOUR CURE-ALL	THURSDAY THOUGHT I WOULD EXPLODE

G. H. BARLOW

SUGGESTION FOR ADVERTISEMENT FOR A SURE-CURE MEDICINE

Engineering Problems No. 1

A prize of one week's vacation in Canada's most exclusive lunatic asylum, the Hotel de Koo-Koo, and eleven back numbers of "The Churchman", will be given for the best solution of the accompanying problem. The photograph shown herewith was taken exactly 1193 miles, 83 cu. yds. (5668 r.p.m.) from the great Stanley Park, Vancouver, and is exact to the n th degree, if calculated according to the candle power of a weasel's right eye at midnight on November 14th.

All solutions should be done on squared paper in the style of Artemus Ward, telling what is being constructed and what is supporting the scaffolding on which the workman is sitting.

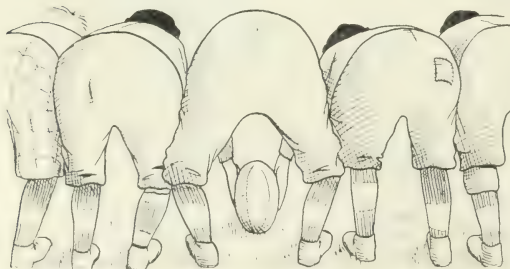
Any reader who says that he is building castles in the air, and that the rope (upper right-hand corner of picture) is attached to a sky hook, will be penalized 15 yards.

All subscribers to Popular Mechanics barred.
Wait for the starter's whistle.



"I love you dear," I fondly said;
"Oh, so do I," breathed she;
At that I stood and racked my head—
Meant she herself or me?

G-G-G



The Seats of the Mighty

First Seeker after Knowledge.—Went to a lecture on sex last night.

Second S. A. K.—Tell me all!

1st S. A. K.—Got stung for a million. It was the Slovakian Czecks.

G-G-G

Sing a Song o' Sixpence,
A bottle full of Rye,
Four and twenty Yankees,
Parched and *very dry*.
When the rye was opened,
The Yanks began to sing,
We won't go back to U. S. A.
God Save the King.

G-G-G

A TABLOID TRAGEDY

Little girl.
Pair of skates.
Rotten ice.
Pearly gates.



WE WISH every maiden to know that when her "man" or "boy friend" (as she may call him) comes bearing a gift of Neilson's Chocolates, he is bringing to her the most delicious sweetmeats that money can buy.

And we wish men to know that, whether they personally care about chocolates or not, there is nothing they can take to a maiden that will so gratify her taste for really fine confectionery as will a box of Neilson's Chocolates.



Neilson's

"The Chocolate that are Different"



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Come in and ask to see any of these instruments. We have a wonderful range to choose from, and can give you a great deal of helpful advice about the choosing of an instrument.

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145 Yonge Street

1st FROSH—See that man over there? That's the captain of the team.

2nd—Yeh?

1st—See the pipe in his mouth?

2nd—Uh, huh.

1st—See the smoke coming out? It's lit.

2nd—Sure.

1st—Well, he did that with my match.

—Brown Jug.

G—G—G

He—It is my principal never to kiss a girl.

She—You can't expect any interest from me then.

—Purple Cow

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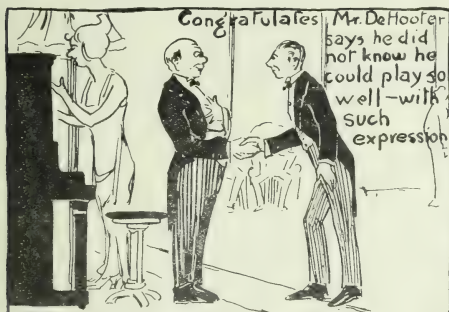
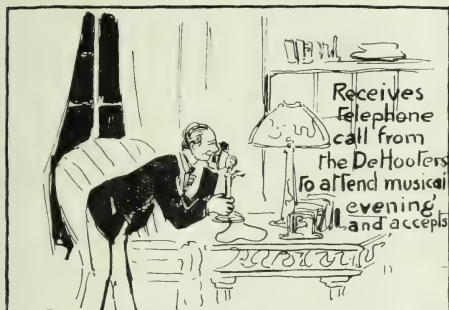
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of shoes valued at \$10.00 or over.

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15 Cents.

E. J. LIVINGSTONE,
Managing Editor.

First Souze: "Haw haw! Thasha good joke on you."

Second Souze: "Washa good joke?"

Number One: "Thash not your hat yer sittin on. 'Smine.

—Sun Dodger

G—G—G

After the Fall, the Coldness

Eversharp— "Eve was about the same as modern women."

Waterman—"How do you know?"

E. S.—"She didn't think about putting on heavy clothes till after the fall."

—Chapparral

G—G—G

No Room in the Inn

Hotel Guest: Has Mike Howe registered here?"

Clerk What do you think this is, a stable?"

—Awgwan

G—G—G

No, Llewellyn, just because a man gets drunk on wine he isn't grape shot.

—Lord Jeff

G—G—G

Jack—"I hit a guy in the nose yesterday and you should have seen him run."

Mack—"That so?"

Jack—"Yeh; but he didn't catch me."

—Widow

Standing Room Only

Professor—This lecture is apt to be somewhat embarrassing. If any men or women care to leave they may.
Student in back of room—Professor, can I invite some of my friends?

—Octopus

G—G—G

"This cuts quite a figure," said the censor as he removed a close up from the bath room scene.

—Frigol.

G—G—G

CONCEPTION

Mother (aside): "Edna, your collar looks tight."

Edna: "Oh, but Mother, he really isn't."

—Orange Owl

G—G—G

Doctor: "Did that medicine straighten your husband out all right?"

Wife (joyfully): "Yes, we buried him yesterday!"

—Record

G—G—G

Mother Dear: "Do your new shoes hurt?"

Brother Dear: "No, but my feet do."

—Reel

G—G—G

He: "I see where Jack won a loving cup yesterday."

She: "It's about time. He's deserved one for three years."

—Lord Jeff.



"A Little Bit of All Right"



Enjoy them today

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

GOBLIN READERS MAKE A 2 SPOT!

Our \$10.00 Contract Good Till June 1st, 1922

We will give "GOBLIN" Readers the chance to get in on our valet service for \$10.00. Contract good for a couple of suits a week till June 1st. Phone us about this if you feel that you should keep your clothes neat and clean as well as well pressed and repaired.

Suits and O'coats Sponged and Pressed

Gentle Workmen

50c

Called for and Delivered

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Phone College 4277

"The
silent
countenance
often
speaks"

Ovid.

All beauty is measured
by the state of the com-
plexion. Beautify it by
the use of



Winsome

Miss Mabel Normand—whose beauty and
vivacity add charm to notable Goldwyn
pictures—writes:—

"I have used Winsome Soap and
wish to state that I found it
a very delightful, agreeable toilet
soap, and most satisfactory in
every way. I would not be without
it either at home, travelling, or at
the Studio."

Mabel Normand

Half the charm of your personality depends on
your complexion. The constant use of Winsome
Soap will ensure a beautiful skin because Winsome
is pure and made especially to suit Canadian
climatic and water conditions.

Winsome Soap is sold by all good
drug and department stores.

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Soapmakers to H. M. the King
LONDON PARIS TORONTO

Anything to oblige.

Old Lady (to newsboy)—"You don't chew tobacco,
do you, little boy?"

Newsie—"No, mum, but I kin give yer a cigarette if
you want one."

—Flamingo.

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Afternoon Tea	Dinner

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WISE CRACKS ABOUT OUR ADVERTISERS.

If you want to be in brilliant company use
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G-G-G

Joshua is said to have lengthened the afternoon
by persuading the sun to stand still. Unlike him
we welcome the clothes of Day.

G-G-G

Somewhere in this issue is a poem concerning
the power of the press. The Marlborough Cleaners
should be able to illustrate it well.

G-G-G

The GOBLIN staff can now sing "Hail Colum-
bia" with great feeling, as the Grafonola Guys
have signed a contract.

G-G-G

"What would you do, in a poker game, if you
had two pair, and your opponent bet ten?", asked
the novice.

"Oak Hall" replied the veteran.

G-G-G

There have been many Brunswick records broken,
but never their record of constant quality.

G-G-G

FAMOUS TOPS

.....of the morning to ye!

Put and take.....

Tip Tailors.

G-G-G

"The wandering chew" (you see it everywhere)
—CHICLETS!

G-G-G

Prohibition may be a hell of a note, but nobody
ever got a hell of a note from a Williams piano.

G-G-G

Make Christmas a real "Holly" day by calling
at 443 Yonge St. for your gifts.

G-G-G

..Mr. Blachford advises us to "say it with a
brogue."

Goodness

"Mother, I was watching sister and her fellow last night and he didn't kiss her. Mother, why didn't he kiss her?"

"For goodness sake, Ethel."

"Oh."

—Malteases. . .

G-G-G

They're Speedy Markers.

"I hear some of these Profs lead a fast life."

"I doubt it; none of 'em passed me this year."

—Gargoyle.

G-G-G

Lady—"Please send me a box of dog biscuit."

Grocer—"Who for?"

Lady—"For the gold-fish, of course."

—Widow

G-G-G

A nation without women is stagnation.

—Sun Dodger.

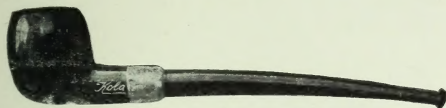
G-G-G

Jimmie: "What did she say when you kissed her last night?"

His Friend: "She said I should come on Friday hereafter, as that is amateur's night."

—Medley

Kola



AN OLD FRIEND FROM THE START

The pipe that has put the O. K. in smoking

All the most up to date styles on sale at the Hart House Tuck Shop for

ONE DOLLAR

Tha Editor smokes a **KOLA** too and he likes it



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wants style without freakishness; correctness with character. What pleases him will please most young men—which is the reason for the popularity of our Society Brand Suits and Overcoats, \$30 to \$60.

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Ha! Ha! Here It Is!

This weird looking goof from Duquesne,

Is considered by all quite insesne.

Wifie sends him away,

At three-thirty each day,

But he's back on the five o'clock tresne.

See Page 12

Miss C. G. Livingston

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Printers of Goblin

"I've got a fellow who owns a swell car. Do you love anyone who owns a car?"

"Anyone."

—Sun Dodger

G-G-G

Very Niggardly

Sam (to his wife at show): "Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm away from aroun' yo' waist."

Mandy: "Tell him yoself. He's a perfect strangah to me."

—Brown Bull

G-G-G

Inconsistency

"She was as pure and white as snow."

"Yes, but she drifted."

—Record

G-G-G

Diner—"How's the chicken to-day?"

Waitress—"Fine, kid, how are you?"

—Reel

ASK FOR

McLAUGHLIN'S Ginger Ale

AT HART HOUSE TUCK
AND MOST GOOD SHOPS

No Need of Worry.

Insulted Maiden: "Oh, sir, catch that man! He tried to kiss me."

Genial Passer-by: "That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute."

—Purple Cow.

G-G-G

Eve (from the bushes): "Adam, dear, close your eyes so that I can come home."

Adam: "What's the matter, my own?"

"Eve: "I've been A. W. O. L."

—Dirge.

G-G-G

He: "For heaven's sake, girl, look at the rouge you have on your lips."

She: "Oh well, the evening's young yet."

—Punch Bowl

G-G-G

When woman was made out of man's rib someone pulled a bone.

—Mercury.

G-G-G

He: I don't like that girl's taste.

Him: Tell her to change her rouge.

—Octopus

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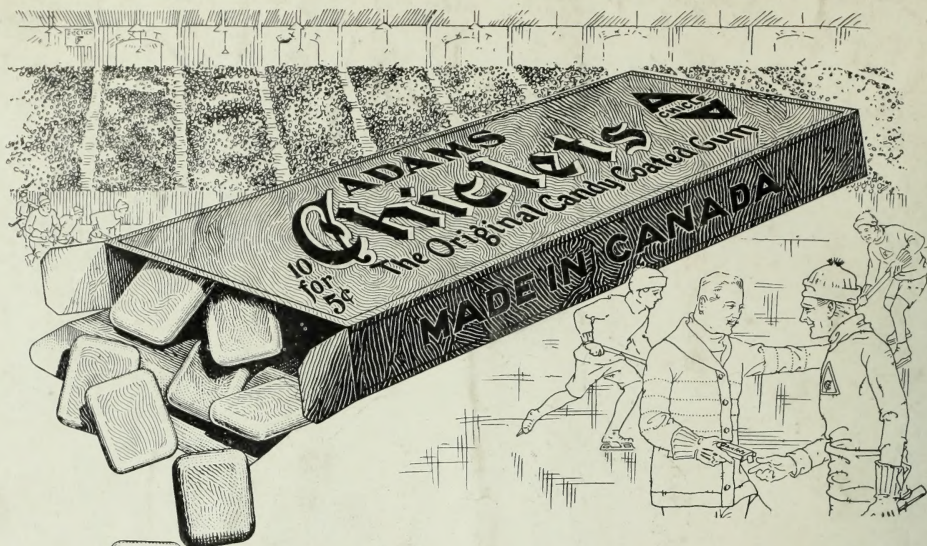
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